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Thanksgiving

Puck.



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THE BIG STICK.

SIR WILLIAM RECEIVES THE MIGHTY WEAPON OF THEODORE.

GLITTERING GENERALITIES OF A WEDDING RING.

I BELIEVE some men wish I were made of India rubber.
All are not tears that glitter.
I am so plain. Is that why he is growing tired of me?
I am a very small band, and yet I am engaged for all their concerts. I play in the morning, the afternoon and the evening.
The style of my music is changing! I used to play all the new waltzes and love songs. Now I play nothing but side-steps and marital airs; when "Johnny Goes Marching Out" being one of those old favorites of which we never tire.
They did all they could to get on the best side of me and now—
After all, which is my best side? One never will tell.

Barbara Blair.

HOW SPURS ARE WON.

"TELL ME, General, how you won your spurs."
"Won my spurs?"
"Yes; your present rank."
"Oh! My senator tossed up a coin with another senator."

RED.

"YOU don't ketch no automobilists these days," complained the rural J. P.
"No," explained the constable; "it's becuz they see my black beard a-sticking out from the shrubbery."
"Well, Peleg, I reckon we'll hafter hire somebuddy with whiskers to match the foliage."

A thought for Thanksgiving Day: Happily, all the smart things said and written in this world are not necessarily true.



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

ODDLY ENOUGH, Nat Goodwin has never married Lillian Russell.

AN OPTIMIST is a man who believes that the Tariff will be revised.

MR. HEARST'S remarkable influence in the late election was almost equalled by the powerful pull of Mr. Gompers.

AS ALREADY announced in these columns, Mr. Roosevelt, after retiring from the presidency, will sail for Africa. — *The Outlook*.

We congratulate our enterprising contemporary on its "beat."

PROFESSOR STARR of the University of Chicago says that the Mound Builders played ball. In which event, the purpose of the mounds is no longer a mystery. They were erected over the remains of the umpires.

OUT IN COLORADO, the day after election, a 23-pound baby was born. Had Bryan won, the child would have weighed but seven pounds; possibly less.

CHANCELLOR DAY and the *New York Sun* — delectable pair! — have expressed satisfaction with the election of Mr. Taft. But if Mr. Taft does as he says he will do he will be promptly reviled by the *New York Sun* and Chancellor Day. The one is the panegyrist of that Grand Old Pest, J. G. Cannon; the other is the apologist for Standard Oil. Their fondness for Mr. Taft is equalled only by the devil's fondness for holy-water.

"**IF HUGHES** is nominated it will be impossible to elect him." — *Timothy L. Woodruff*.

One of a number of foolish predictions which the *Evening Post* reprinted after election. But what does it prove? Nothing except that the politicians know as little about what is going on in the minds of the people as our statesmen know about the science of economics. And that is the limit of ignorance.

SUITABLE MOTTO for any modern newspaper: "All the news the business office will let us print."

UP TO DATE no application for a recount has been made in the name of Mr. Hisgen.

"**FATHER** slept like a baby last night." — *Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt*.

What does this mean? That Mr. Bryan slept soundly and peacefully the night after election? Or that he roused about ten times, wanted three drinks of water, cried for the moon, asked to have his pillow turned and at two o'clock bawled for his bottle? The members of his family should be more definite in their bulletins.

THE STEEL TRUST has cut the price of steel rails from \$28 to \$24, and the American railways will invest heavily at that figure. Some day, perhaps, American rails will cost no more in America than they do in Bulgaria, Burmah or Lapland.

ALTHOUGH it has been testified that 90 per cent. of the recent forest fires in New York state were caused by coal-burning locomotives, the railroads insist that to compel the changing of the locomotives to use oil instead of coal would mean an expense almost "confiscatory." You may have observed that, from the railroad viewpoint, nearly everything is confiscatory that tends toward public convenience, public safety or public rights.

"**THE ELECTION** indicates clearly that a large majority of the American people stand for the things Theodore Roosevelt stands for." — *Paul Morton*.

It being generally forgotten that, among the other things, Theodore Roosevelt stood for Paul Morton.

MME. MELBA has turned suffragette, declaring that women like herself should not be denied the power which is given to their butlers and grooms. Or, she might have added, to still lower menials, their husbands.

"**IF EXPENSES** are cut to a minimum and the free list is abolished I think some of the tracks can exist." — *A Race Track Owner*.

The sport of kings!



GOOD OPENING FOR ANOTHER TRUSTWORTHY LAD.

THANKSGIVING IN DARK HOLLOW.



DE COTTON fiel' luk lonesum now,
All kivered up wid snow;
Dar hain' no call fer me ter plow,
Ner Liza Ann ter hoe.
De win' blow col', de groun' am friz,
De fiahplace am wahn;
An' we is happy, 'deed we is,
Safe from de wintah stohm.

Des me an' Liza Ann alone,
A-sittin' clost de fiah;
We heahs de win', how loud hit moan,
An' mak de blaze burn highah.
Dey's 'taters roastin' in de coals,
An' 'possum in de pot;
'Deed we is happy—bress our souls!—
An' thank de Lawd er lot.

De cotton fiel' luk pore an' col'
De cohn patch white an' bare;
But dis heah cabin riches hol'
Ernuff fer two ter share.
Fat pine knots mak de fiah burn,
An' oak logs mak de coals,
An' me my pipe an' Liza her'n—
Oh, good Lawd, bress our souls!

I allus lak Thanksgibin' Day,
An' Liza Ann do, too,
A-sittin' right heah, disaway,
Widout no wuk ter do;
Des waitin' tell de 'possum brown,
An' fo' de pone ter bake,
An' 'taters sweet—good Lawd, luk down;
We's thankful, no mistake!

Sidney Warren Mase.

CHESTNUTS.

HAIL to you, Petropoulos, Greek vender of chestnuts!
Kal'emeras! You could not be expected to know
what that means, but the undergrads know—it is Greek
for "How goes it?"

And now, Petropoulos, a nickel's worth
of hot roasted. Nine chestnuts—good!
Your measure is so short, Athenian, it would
have to look up to see its own feet.

I ponder—the subject being chestnuts
—somewhat thusly:

This is chestnut time—therefore winter
is nigh. Winter comes in a 40 h.-p. Summer
arrives about July 10, the dray having
been delayed. With winter comes the coal
man, whose measure makes Petropoulos seem
like the late Mr. Peabody. And this year the
short ton will be shorter than ever. Chestnuts!

I ponder again. The right man has
been elected President. The country is saved
from a horrible fate once more. The torch-
light material is back in the closet; and the
before-election promise is in a little grave at

HIS MASTER'S FACE.



I.



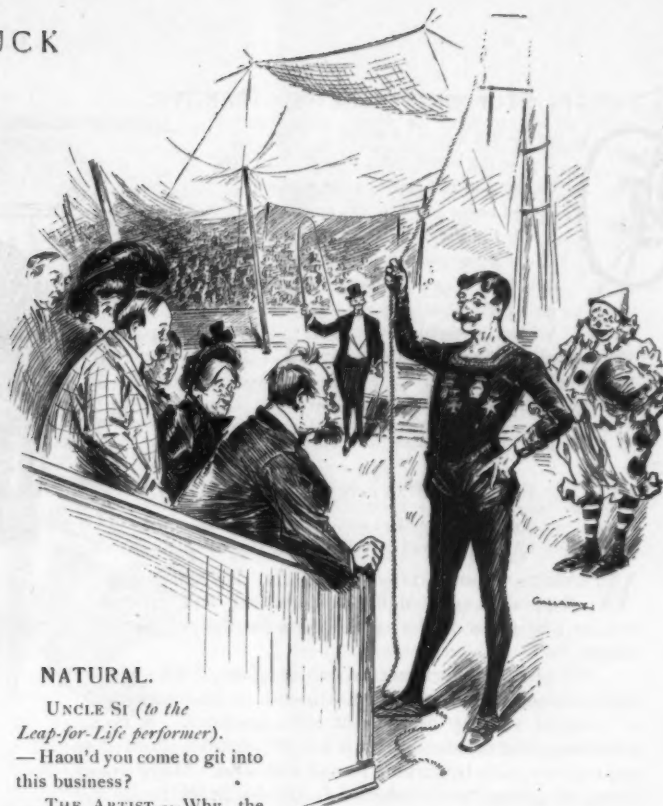
II.



III.



IV.



NATURAL.

UNCLE SI (to the
Leap-for-Life performer).
—Haou'd you come to git into
this business?

THE ARTIST.—Why, the
idea struck me while employed as a book agent.

Mount Auburn. Aged four. Only the immediate family were present.
Before November 3 it was the gnarled hand of Labor; now it is the
hobnailed—Chestnuts!

And football. The higher education has gained four yards,
but verily we fear someone was offside. Brek-ek-ek-ek-co-ax-co-ax!
Dost hear that, Petropoulos? That is from Aristophanes—from
"The Frogs." We cultivate the old masters a little, I should
think. And do the warriors read Aristophanes, then? Ah, no.
They think the cry was invented by Buckner, '08. After the
game they will go around and lynch President Eliot, and then
they will be expelled from college—which is what they ardently
desire, this being the game of the sea-
son.

Well, good night, Attic merchant. But
take back this chestnut, the worm being under-
done. Perhaps it is the same worm you sold
me last chestnut time: Even the worm re-
turns.

Freeman Tilden.

ARDUOUS.

SATAN, in an unthinking moment, engaged
to find work for idle hands.

It was a heavy undertaking.

"How heavy I didn't get to under-
stand," the Prince of Darkness confessed
afterwards, "until the hard times came on
and I discovered how few things some of
these society people know enough to do unless
they are flush of money."

PUCK



IN STUFFING THERE IS STRENGTH.

It, sage is not a food of which to sing,
Nor is the bread that's stale fit for a king,
Pepper and salt alone, we're very sure,
Would never serve to win an epicure;
Nor is the silver onion by itself
The thing to catch a diner's hard-earned pelf.
But when they come together and combine
And gayly blossom while they sweetly shine
Within the turkey do we shout: "Enough!"
They constitute the stuffing that's the stuff
Which proves throughout the land's great breadth and length
That union stands for joy as well as strength.

FROM THE "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE DAILY."

A DAILY paper will shortly be issued along new lines by the Christian Scientists.—*News Item.*

WEATHER FORECAST.—"In this city and vicinity to-day, continued delightful weather will prevail, followed by more of the same variety for the rest of the month."

"Yesterday hereabout was an ideal day. The wind blew soft and balmy from the north-east, at times attaining a pleasant velocity of seventy miles an hour. A cool, refreshing rain fell steadily, and toward nightfall afforded an enjoyable variety by turning to hail and sleet. Many trolley wires, imagining themselves to be coated with ice, broke and fell to the street. Behind the clouds the sun was shining."

FROM THE NEWS PAGES.—"John Johning, 38 years old, of Eighteenth Street, was knocked down by a heavily laden truck at Main and Front Streets last night and rendered unconscious. An ambulance from the Christian Science hospital was promptly summoned and the surgeon administered six chapters of "Science and Health" without delay. Johning was taken to the hospital, where late last night he was still laboring under the delusion that he had a broken arm, a fractured collarbone and several cracked ribs."

FROM THE SPORTING PAGE.—"Kid McFarley and Spider Sweeny met in what proved to be a farcical six-round go at the Upper-cut Athletic Club last night. Sweeny had the fight well in hand up to the third round, when he permitted himself to be mentally disturbed by a crack on the point of the jaw and a swift jolt in the ribs. In the fourth and fifth rounds, Sweeny was totally submerged in the error that there is such a thing as pain, so much so, in fact, that he allowed a right-hand hook from McFarley to alter the color

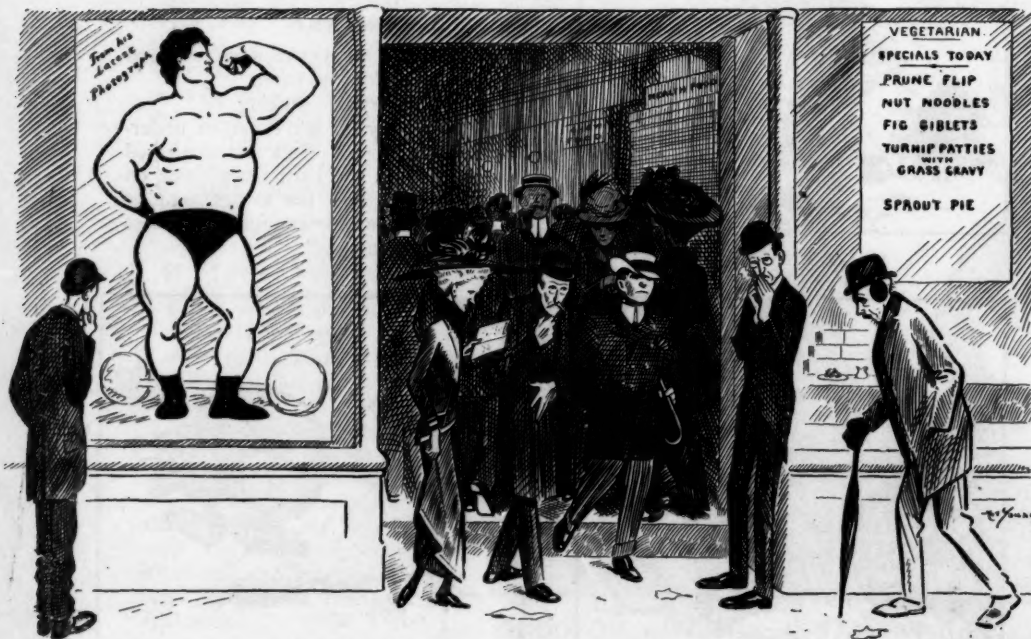


"IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

of his eye. In the sixth round, he took the count. His defeat was largely due to the fatal methods of his seconds. Between rounds, they sponged him, fanned him with a towel, held ammonia to his nostrils and did other things to him that must inevitably have created in Sweeny's mind the impression that he was hurt."

EXTRACT FROM AN EDITORIAL.—"We cannot too strongly condemn the action of the local Board of Health in endeavoring by pernicious means to stamp out what it ludicrously terms 'the epidemic of measles' in this city. That an epidemic exists we are, of course, unwilling to admit, but the fact that the so-called ailment is for the most part confined to young children and infants, makes it all the more imperative that such bodies—we might say busybodies—as the Board of Health should keep their hands off. A child should be taught early that disease does not exist and an attack of the alleged measles affords an invaluable opportunity to administer this initial lesson. The Board of Health, by its preposterous policy of what is called precaution, is standing stubbornly between countless juvenile minds and this priceless truth. It is not, in fact, a Board of Health at all, but a Board of Disease that we are taxed to maintain. A. H. F."

PHYSICAL CULTURE RESTAURANT



THE PROPRIETOR AND HIS PATRONS.

A PURIST.

ONE-LEGGED MENDICANT.—My leg was bit off by a shark, and—

BYPASSER.—How you came to lose your limb does not in the least interest me, but I will gladly give you a quarter if you will tell me whether the garment you now wear may be properly called trousers or a trouse?

RACE RIOT.

MRS. THIMS.—Land sakes, Maggie! What's all that disturbance in the kettle?

MAGGIE.—That's jist the potatoes fightin' wit' the sausages, mam.

STRIKING A BALANCE.

"WHY are women who figure in the press items invariably beautiful?"
"To offset the newspaper cuts, I imagine."

PUCK



THE FAMILY FORTUNE.

TENNESSEE MOUNTAINEER (to his son).—Jim, I dunno whether I'm a-goin' t' die or not, but if I do, Jim, I'm a-leavin' yer well provided fer. I'm a-leavin' yer three feuds an' four o' the peartest coon dawgs in the state.

MAN'S INGRATITUDE.



YOU DON'T know as you have anything to be thankful for even if it is Thanksgiving time, Thomas Gabble? Of all the ungrateful creatures! Nothing to be thankful for with the pleasant home you have and seven nice children and—Annie Belle, you stop that screeching! Seems to me that baby does nothing but scream from morning till night. As I say, Thomas Gabble, you have a great deal to be thankful for if any man has with the home you have and seven fine children and—what is that, Sammy? Billy is pulling your hair? Billy, what you pulling Sammy's hair for? You do it again and I'll pull *your* hair. As I was saying, Thomas Gabble, it does seem to me that some people are strangely unmindful of their many mercies, and you are one of them! When a man who has all you have to be thankful for says openly that he does not feel that he has any cause for gratitude when the Thanksgiving season comes around and he has the home that you have and seven nice children to gladden that home with the sunshine of their faces and the music of their voices and—Robert, what are you and Helen clawing at each other like that for and screaming at the top of your voices? Robert, if you have anything of Helen's you give it to her this minute or I will make you wish that you had! It seems to me that—what on earth is Nannie screaming like that for? By the way, Gabble, Nannie and Helen must both have new shoes and hats and coats before Sunday and all of the boys need new suits and Robert and Sammy must have new overcoats and—you can't get them this week? Seems to me you never can get anything when it is needed. Let me say that anything is needed at any time and business is always bad or some one who owes you money won't pay you, but I notice that you smoke from ten to a dozen cigars a day all the same and you never go shabby and you keep up all your club dues and take your men friends to dine at the most expensive hotels or at your club, which is just as expensive, and what a man with the home that you have and seven children to brighten it up wants to belong to any club for is a mystery to me and when he shows a further lack of appreciation of his home by saying that he has nothing to be thankful for it is a case of ingratitude that few men would be guilty of and if I were you I would—that is a polite and gentlemanly thing for a man to say to his own wife, now isn't it? I think that it is true enough, as I read in a paper the other day, that the old-time

chivalry is dying out among men and that many men speak to their wives as they would not speak to any other woman on earth. This rudeness matches up well with their ingratitude and I—O well, run for your car if you must! You always have to run for your car when your wife wants to have a word with you. If I was any other woman you—dear me, dear me! The rudeness, the ingratitude, the lack of feeling in the husband of to-day is enough to lower the whole moral tone of society, it positively is!" Max Merryman.

GROOMING.

ANCIENTLY man thought more highly of his horse than of his women-kind. But woman, as it chanced, was crafty.

"Why does he esteem his horse beyond his wife?" she asked herself, and resolutely faced the task of finding out.

Her first answer was: "The horse will carry a heavier load."

Her next: "The horse doesn't talk back at him."

But neither of these, somehow, impressed her as being correct.

"Most likely," she declared, at length, "it's in the grooming. Well, I'll just be well groomed myself, and see."

It was a lucky guess, and from that time forward woman's position rose, relatively, until in our day the horse has scarcely a look-in, even at the horse-show.

Ramsey Benson.

HIS SOLICITUDE.

THE DOMINIE.—Why are you anxious for me to dine with you on Thanksgiving, my young friend?

FREDDIE.—'Cause dad said he wouldn't go to the expense of a turkey unless some one should come to dinner.

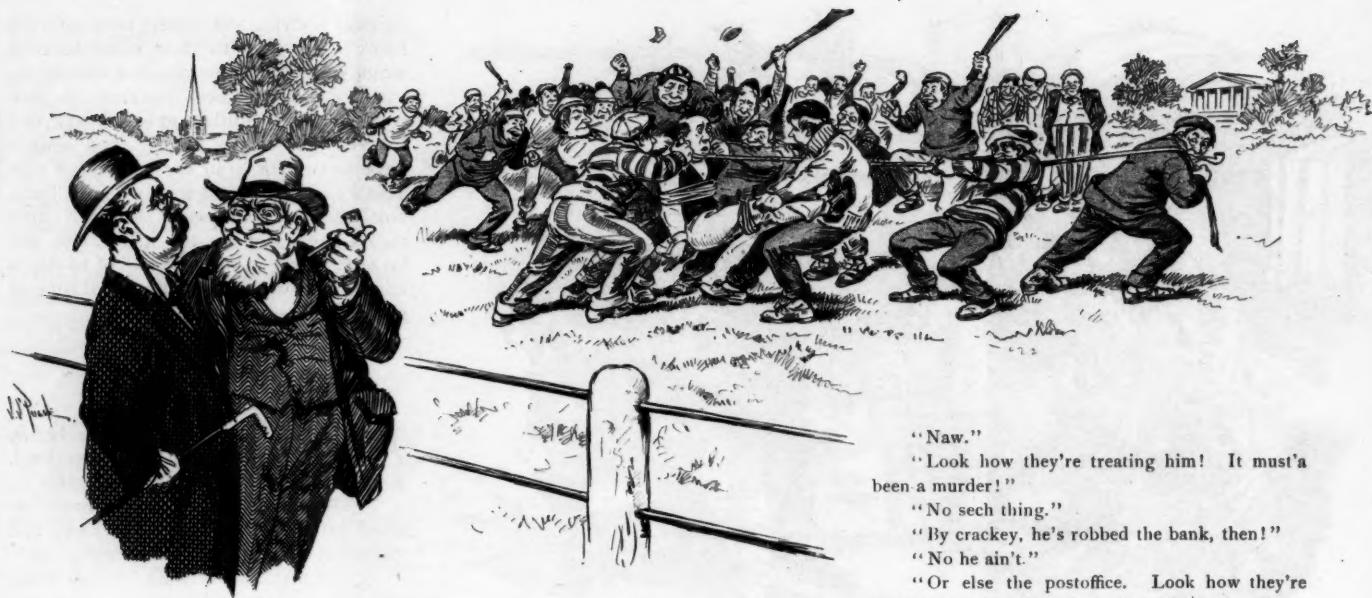


A LIFE JOB.

OLD LADY.—Couldn't you find anything better suited to manhood's estate than leading a blind beggar, my good friend?

HER "GOOD FRIEND."—Why, yer see, mum, I got this job when I was a little boy, an' his Royal Blinkers here can't see how I've changed. It's good, healthy work an' I ain't ambitious, mum.

Another form of tact lies in the ability to arrive at conclusions without expressing them.



THE CRIME.

STRANGER.—For heaven's sake, what's the matter over there?
NATIVE.—Nothin'.
"Yes there is! What they got that rope around his neck fer? By gosh they're lynchin' him, that's what they are! He must'a killed somebody?"

"Naw."
"Look how they're treating him! It must'a been a murder!"
"No sech thing."
"By crackey, he's robbed the bank, then!"
"No he ain't."
"Or else the postoffice. Look how they're mobbin' him! Maybe he set somethin' afire!"
"Naw, he didn't."
"Well I bet he's one of them anarchists, then!"
"He ain't no sech thing!"
"Well then, what in thunder be he?"
"He's a freshman student. Them's sophomores, hazin' him."
Donald A. Kahn.

THE GRIDIRON SIGNAL CODE.

IT BEING against the rules for a football coach to be on the field during a match game, and subterfuge hence being necessary if he is to communicate with the players at critical points in the contest, we hereby suggest that a signal code be adopted in each and every college, similar in principle to that employed by the Army Signal Corps. A flag of course will be used, the coach who desires to tip off the field captain as to what he should do next, standing at a designated point in the stands and waving it according to the code pre-arranged. We suggest a few of the possibilities:

I.—Waving flag twice perpendicularly, front: Send right half back through tackle. Their tackle is limping.

II.—Waving flag three times to the left and once to the right: Watch your chance in next scrimmage and gouge out the eye of their right guard.

III.—Waving flag twice right, twice left: Quarterback kick; put their left end out of business in the next play.

IV.—Waving flag in circle: When umpire isn't looking, tip center off to bring his knee up sharply under opponent's chin.

V.—Waving flag three times right, three times left: Punt on the next down. You're rotten.

VI.—Holding flag upright and stationary: Everybody is playing too slow. Nobody has been hurt on other side for five minutes.

The code has unlimited possibilities.

NO VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPLY.

"How many servants does Mrs. Higbee keep?"
"None."
"Strange. She knows all about her neighbors' affairs."

REFRESHING.

IN A RECENT editorial discussing the old age pensions bill in England, the New York Times declares it is another example of "privilege for the many at the expense of the few." That is a new way of putting it. Let us hope, if that's what old age pensions really amount to, that they will stand and grow. Privilege for the many at the expense of the few is so rare that we could almost afford to have this particular bill framed in gold and set up in the highway where all could see.

"One for all and all for one" is a favorite slogan, but, while the "all for one" is a frequent historical fact, the "one for all" is mostly a beautiful fiction.

"Privilege" has always heretofore been supposed to be confined to the few, while the many invariably bore the expense, because there was none else to bear the expense. A reversal of that idea is an innovation of tremendous importance. Heretofore, the privileges of the many were called "rights." The expense of rights the people are always ready, aye eager, to bear even to the extent of giving up their lives. The expense of "privilege," while necessarily raised from the many, is raised by dark and devious methods while "privilege" disguises itself as "service," for, be it understood, if "privilege" becomes "service" it is no longer "privilege."

There may be, in short, good and proper objections to the old age pensions bill, but, surely, the fact that it is "privilege for the many at the expense of the few" is not one of them.

Ellis O. Jones.



ANCESTRAL GALLERY OF THE FUTURE AMERICAN.

JUDGE.—You have not yet established the prisoner's insanity.

ATTORNEY.—But, Your Honor, we mean to introduce witnesses to show that the prisoner habitually argues politics with women.



HINTS ON COOKING.

HE silent clam, the moody clam,
When fried or in a chowder,
Outranks in possibilities
Gun-cotton or gunpowder.
A night of wild adventures, starred
By sword and pistol gleaming, —
A bloody dirk — a murderous Turk —
Although, perforce, 'tis dreaming.

For him who would high mountains climb,
And perch above abysses,
Or wander where the scorpion stings
And deadly serpent hisses,
A heavy pot-pie, family style,
Will work the transformation,
No time be lost, nor extra cost
To take a long vacation.

If from an air-ship you would fall
Yet live to do the telling,
Or race a motor-car to Mars,
And hear the whole world yelling;
Corned-beef and cabbage, or perhaps
Some harmless doughnuts later,
Will do the deed without the need
Of aid from imp or satyr.

And he who with T. R. to hunt
Would love to roam the jungle,
Where tiger's claws and panther's paws
Destroy without a bungle;
Watch crouching leopards, writhing snakes,
Hyenas wildly prowling;
See alligators' snapping jaws
And savage lions growling, —

L'ENVOI.

Must pay the price, though this device
Is somewhat to be dreaded, —
Go choose a wife from cooking-school,
And prompt to her be wedded!

May Kelly.

THOSE THIN WALLS.

THE man in apartment No. 21 tapped on the door of apartment No. 22. When the couple that occupied No. 22 came to the door, the visitor bowed.

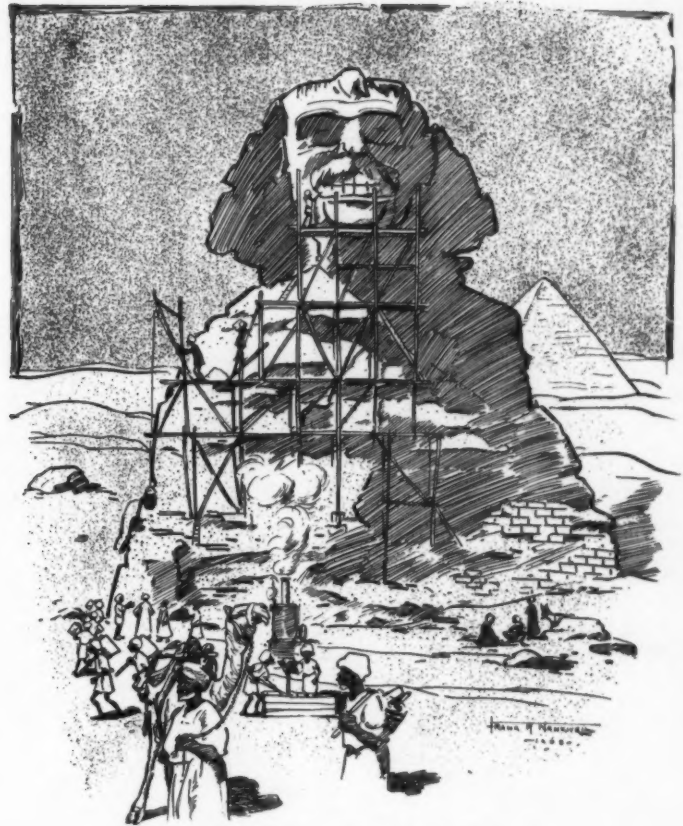
"I have come to request," he said, "that you two do not dis-



LIKE FATHER, LIKE KIDS.

FRIEND. — Don't they set you crazy, hanging to your hair like that?

BROOKLYNITE. — No. I recognize the inevitable workings of heredity. For thirty years I, their father, have been a strap-hanger.



ONE OF THE PRELIMINARIES.

CAIRO. — Preliminary arrangements already are being made here for the visit of President Roosevelt to Egypt in 1909. — *Cable News Item.*

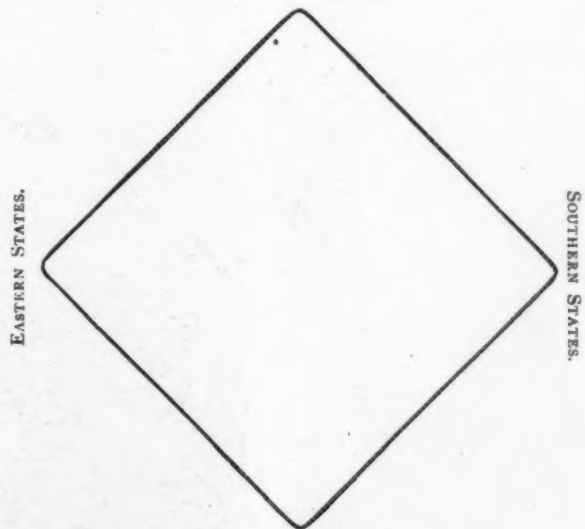
cuss your next summer's vacation, the question of madame's extravagance in clothes, or the excessiveness of last month's gas bill to-night; also that madame does not play 'The Storm' on the piano."

The occupants of No. 21 promised forbearance, but why?

"My wife and I are going to argue the question whether she could have done better than to marry me," said the stranger. "You will readily see that there should be no counter-demonstration."

"Say no more," said No. 21, deprecatingly. "We know our duty." And straightway No. 21 and his wife repaired to the keyhole.

WESTERN STATES.



HOME.

THE POLITICAL MERKLE.

MR. BRYAN FORGOT TO TOUCH SECOND BASE.

INVALUABLE.

BLUFFTON. — I said something to my wife last week that offended her and she hasn't spoken to me since.

HENPECK. — Great Scott, man! You can't remember what it was, can you?





IN THE TEDDY-TURK.

FACIAL DEVELOPMENT.



THE SNIFFKINS FAMILY BEFORE AND AFTER A GARAGE AND GASOLINE DEPOT OPENED NEXT DOOR.

THE PARIAH.

HE WALKS alone, the long, sad day,
The loneliest of lonely souls;
When people see him come their way,
They quickly crawl into their holes,
Or climb the nearest sycamore,
And, shrieking, reach the highest limb;
No peril, on the sea or shore,
Compares, in any way, with *him*.

I hold that I am brave as most,
And I would face the Russian bear,
Or laughing greet a fleshless ghost,
Or track the polecat to its lair;
But upward my two hands I fling
When this weird man comes up to say:
"I want to tell a clever thing
My little Willie said to-day!"

Walt Mason.

THE MILK OF THE COCOANUT.

I.

(Being a letter from John D. Archbrass of the Standard Petroleum Co. to Lyon Steele, Governor of the State of New Pennsylvlucky.)

26 MAIN STREET, N. Y., Nov. 17th, 1904.

MY DEAR GOVERNOR:—
It is my humble hope that you will excuse the liberty I take in addressing you. I realize fully that it is presumption on my part, but the belief that you will give any communication your careful attention, however unimportant it may be compared with your pressing and manifold duties of office, prompts me to take courage and to dictate these few respectful lines.

Now, not to take up too much of your very valuable time, let me state that both personally and on behalf of my company, my object in writing to you is to urge the elevation of Judge Rob. A. Child to the Supreme Court bench in your state—providing, of course, such appointment would be entirely consistent with your plans for the public interest. I need hardly remind you

that Judge Child's reputation for ability, integrity and unselfish devotion to duty along the lines of his chosen profession, not to mention his loyal and intelligent occupancy of the lower court bench, makes any advocacy of his cause, by me, almost an impudent waste of your precious time, but so strongly do we value judges of Judge Child's type that we cannot refrain from expressing our opinion, even at the risk of being rebuked.

Hoping, however, that it may prove possible for you favorably to consider Judge Child's elevation, I am, my dear governor, with very highest regards and very humblest apologies,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN D. ARCHBRASS.

RT. HON. LYON STEELE,
Graftersburg, N. P.

II.

(Being the same letter, not as written, but as Gov. Steele understood it, and as Mr. Archbrass intended that he should understand it.)

26 MAIN STREET, N. Y. }
Nov. 17th, 1904. }

DEAR STEELE:—

Appoint Judge Child to the vacancy in the Supreme Court Bench without any more monkey business. Child, and you know it, is one of the best friends the Standard Petroleum Company has got in your state and we need him in our business. Appoint him at once, or you'll be a dead dog in the political pit, and don't you forget it. We're not supporting candidates and paying campaign expenses unless, after election, we get a nice, long run for our money. You hear me?

J. D. ARCHBRASS.

LYON STEELE, Graftersburg, N. P.

THE SHADE OF STUYVESANT.

THE reincarnated Knickerbocker was being introduced to the circle of guests at the Clarcke-Bullione musicale.

"Senator Richaz Creem, of Nevada," announced the ecstatic hostess, "the Duc de Minus de Coin, Kid Doolan, the famous jockey, Bertie Flippe, originator of the pink donkey luncheon, Ethelberta Salome Cooche Le Twister, of the Mimic, and Longhare Rimer, author of "Poems of Red Sin."

The collection arose and bowed, and Mrs. Clarcke-Bullione continued. "Now, you must go and kiss Lalla, the baby zebra. Everyone does it."

As she turned, there was a groan and a racket of falling. The old Manhat-taner had fainted in the arms of a Pittsburg co-res-pendent.

AFTER THE FAILURE.

MRS. SCRAGGS.—My husband hasn't a dollar in the world, and I think I am entitled to a divorce.

MRS. BAGGS.—On what grounds?

MRS. SCRAGGS.—On the ground that I married him for money.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

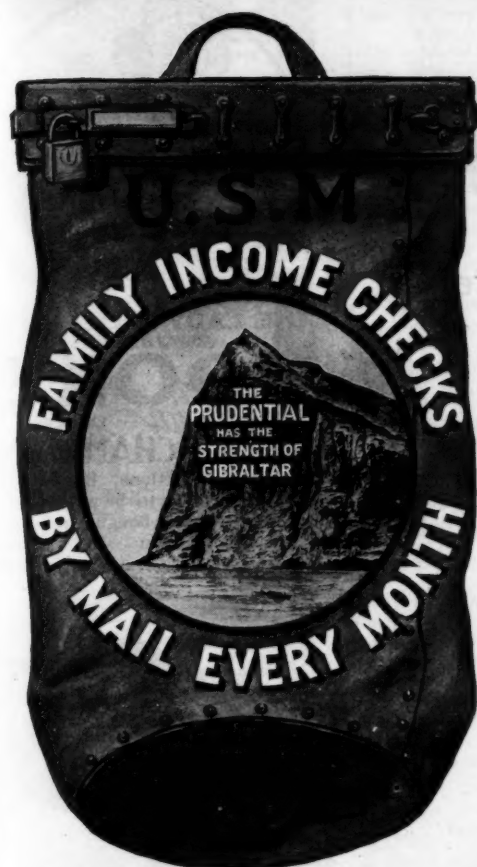
JIMMIE.—How did you know I was going to call?

HER LITTLE SISTER.—I saw Nell taking the pins out of her belt.



1795.

UNCLE BEN.—I don't rec'lect readin' in hist'ry about them havin' railroads in 1795, but it must be so. Here's a car thet's runnin' yet.



An Income for Your Wife

Whole Life Plan. Payable to her *Monthly* for twenty years or for life, if you should be taken from her; or

Endowment Plan. An Income payable to *Yourself Monthly* for twenty years or for life, to support you in your declining years, if you live—are the great features of the

New Monthly Income Policy

issued by

The Prudential

A Monthly Income coming with absolute certainty will enable the mother to keep the family together and the children at school—

The Income cannot be encumbered or depreciated. All worry about safe investment is eliminated.

COST OF "WHOLE LIFE PLAN."

At age 30, for \$167.35 a year, during your life (a saving of \$13.95 a month) your Family Will Receive after your death **\$50.00 Every month** for 20 years, or \$12,000 in all!

At slightly higher cost, the income would continue for life!

THE COST IS LOW

Write for Rates at Your Age and Learn How You can Provide an Absolute, Guaranteed Income for Your Family, or for Yourself after 20 Years. State Plan Preferred.

Address Dept. P.

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Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

Home Office, Newark, N. J.



Receiving her Monthly Income Check from The Prudential Insurance Co.





Pears'

A soap is known by the company it keeps. Pears' is found in good society, everywhere.

The use of Pears' Soap betokens refinement.

Scented, or not, as you prefer.



SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

Its aromatic delicacy will surprise you. It is the most perfect blend of tobacco you ever put in your pipe—the highest class—it stands all by itself, the KING of mixtures. A tobacco that your women folks will like to have you smoke at home—you may never have known the luxury of a pipe smoke before.

SEND 10 CENTS and we will send a sample.
THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts. It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 300 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Bar Keeper's Friend

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

BARBER. — Hair getting thin, sir. Ever tried our hair preparation, sir?
CUSTOMER. — No, I can't blame it on that. — *Boston Transcript.*

IN addition to doing the cooking, and the dishes, and the sewing, keeping the house straight and caring for her children, there is that paramount task every wife has of keeping her husband from making a fool of himself. — *Ex.*

I. W. HARPER KENTUCKY WHISKEY

for Gentlemen
who cherish
Quality.

THE first fault a girl finds with her mother is that she is too patient with father, and her first criticism with father is that he doesn't appreciate mother at her worth. — *Ex.*

"GIVE a man rope enough."
"And he'll vote the other ticket," interrupted the citizen who had been smoking too many campaign cigars. — *Louisville Courier-Journal*

POURQUOI?



I.
Why should the French gentlemen in the French cafés always look like this —

Grape fruit is made still more appetizing by a few dashes of Abbott's Bitters. Try it at to-morrow's breakfast.

A SALARY PREFERRED.

"Why did you take this job? The other man offered you \$10 to start with, too."

"The other man offered me \$10 wages to start with; this man offered me \$10 salary!" — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

EXERCISING THE DOG.

THE VICAR. — Do you give your dog any exercise, Mr. Hodge?

FARMER HODGE. — Oh, yes, he goes for a tramp nearly every day. — *Tit-Bits.*

TOO ROUGH.

"No, I can't stick it any longer. I'm off to-morrow."

"Why, the shootin's good enough, isn't it?"

"Oh, the shootin's all right. It's the management's so rotten. One expects to rough it a bit — luncheon without a band, and so forth — but to-day! — drinkin' champagne out of claret glasses! Well, hang it all, there's a limit!" — *Punch.*

WOULD DO AS WELL.

"I am sorry to have to tell you," said the eminent surgeon, "that we shall have to perform an operation."

"That's all right," answered the patient. "Go ahead."

"But the condition of your heart is such that we do not dare to use any anæsthetic."

"O, well; tell me what the bill is going to be, doctor. That will be sufficiently stupefying." — *Chicago Tribune.*



THE LADY OF QUALITY
ALWAYS ORDERS

COOK'S Imperial CHAMPAGNE

for her social functions. Besides adding zest and buoyancy to the merry hour, its elegant flavor and bouquet reflects the fine discrimination of the hostess. Served in the best American homes.

Sold Everywhere.



Unrivalled
for its wholesome
effects on the body.
The wool keeps you warm,
The porosity keeps you fresh,
The elasticity keeps you
snug and trim.
Explanatory Booklet and
Samples free.

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Phila.: 1516 Chestnut St. Chicago: 89 State St.
Agents in all Principal Cities

FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

STYLE
NEATNESS
COMFORT
THE IMPROVED
**BOSTON
GARTER**

The Name is stamped on every loop — Be sure it's there

THE *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON
CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG — NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

Worn All Over The World
Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEORGE FROST CO.
Boston, Mass.

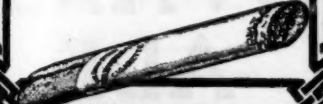
**INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES**

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

PHILIP MORRIS
ORIGINAL LONDON
CIGARETTES

Are just as
good today as
fifty years ago.

CAMBRIDGE regular size AMBASSADOR after-dinner size



THE IMPORTANT FEATURE.

When'er a man gets up before a crowd to make a speech
You're bound to feel a little apprehensive
That the store of information which he holds in ready reach
Will prove a bit abstruse and too extensive.
But if he knows his business, there is sure to come a pause
In discussions of the nation's future glory;
You get already to help out the laughter and applause
When he says, "And that reminds me of a story."

What sweet relief it brings us from the cares that have beset
The destinies of our great population!
The humor may be pallid; but it helps us to forget
That we are in a parlous situation.
Perchance you recognize the little yarn when he starts out,
But, though it be a classic stanch and hoary,
I wish we could persuade him to leave facts and figures out
And simply go ahead and tell the story.
—Washington Star.

SMALL BOY (whose father is very bald, to nurse, who is vigorously brushing his hair).—I say, when shall I be old enough to leave off hair?—Punch.



II.

When, for variety's sake, they might look like this.

FOR A PURE
TONICAL STIMULANT, FOR CHEER OR COMFORT, STRENGTH
AND HEALTH, FOR RECUPERATION AND RESTORATION

HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE

IS ABSOLUTE PERFECTION
GUARANTEED UNDER THE NATIONAL PURE FOOD LAW

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



RANDOM SHOTS.

I shot an arrow into the air, it fell in the distance, I knew not where, till a neighbor said that it killed his calf, and I had to pay him six and a half (\$6.50). I bought some poison to stay some rats, and a neighbor swore it killed his cats; and, rather than argue across the fence, I paid him four dollars and fifty cents (\$4.50). One night I set sailing a toy balloon, and hoped it would soar till it reached the moon; but the candle fell out on a farmer's straw, and he said I must settle or go to law. And that is the way with the random shot; it never hits in the proper spot; and the joke you spring that you think so smart, may have a wound in some fellow's heart.—Walt Mason, in the Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.



—at
Thanksgiving

—at
Yuletide

—at
New Years

the whiskey for the home circle is good "Old James E. Pepper." One hundred years before a food law was ever thought of, "Old James E. Pepper" was a pure and wholesome bourbon whiskey. It is made today in the same scrupulously careful way, by the same formula used by old Elijah Pepper of hallowed memory. It is a soft, smooth, deliciously mellow old Kentucky bourbon, naturally aged and colored in charred oak casks, and bottled in bond at the distillery.

Ask for "Old James E. Pepper." You will appreciate its delicious flavor and be benefited by its rare medicinal qualities. If your dealer does not handle it, or if you live in a locality where liquors are not sold, write us at once for the name of our nearest distributor, who will supply you direct, with the positive guarantee that if it does not prove eminently satisfactory—we'll refund your money.

ESTABLISHED 1780
BORN WITH THE REPUBLIC
OLD PEPPER WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

1 full gallon 6-year-old "Old Pepper"—Bottled in Bond—
packed in two full half-gallon bottles—all charges prepaid and
sent in a plain unmarked box..... \$ 5.00

12 full quart bottles 6-year-old "Old Pepper"—Bottled in
Bond—charges prepaid..... 15.00

Sent anywhere direct from the distillery or through our nearest distributor.

The James E. Pepper Distilling Company

104 Frankfort Pike, Lexington, Ky.

604 Rector Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

AN INJUDICIOUS BARD.

A "keep-a-smiling" poet kept a-smiling all the time,
As according to directions in his keep-a-smiling rhyme.
Yes, he always kept a-smiling, and he never felt the jolt
When his keep-a-smiling tactics got him rated as a dolt.

But the keep-a-smiling poet, he got taken down a peg,
For he strictly kept a-smiling when his uncle broke his leg.
Then his uncle to forget him in his weighty will did vow,
And the keep-a-smiling poet cannot keep a-smiling now.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

TO SAY NOTHING OF THE MANAGERS.

"The President may write 'the great American play,'" says the *Baltimore American*. This will put a serious, not to say strenuous, problem up to the critics.—*Washington Herald*.

He had proposed, but she had given him the frigid mitt—seemingly; but five minutes later they were busy swapping kisses.

"But if you really and truly loved me, why did you turn me down at first?" queried the puzzled young man.

"Oh, that was just a whim of mine," she replied. "I wanted to see how you would act."

"But suppose I had rushed off without giving you a chance to explain?" he said.

"Impossible," she answered. "I had the door locked."—*Chicago News*.

XMAS GIFTS Diamonds on Credit

For Christmas Presents the Loftis System is a great convenience. It enables you to make beautiful and valuable gifts without the outlay of much money. A small cash payment and you can give a "loved one" your choice of the finest diamonds, watches and other high-grade jewelry. MAKE YOUR SELECTIONS NOW from our Christmas catalog. We will send them for your inspection. If satisfied, pay one-fifth on delivery; balance in 8 monthly payments. Write for Catalog Today.

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At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés
Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

A YARN.

"Two can live as cheap as one."
Yes, they can! They can, like fun!
You ask any one who's tried it;
See just what he'll say.
Most of us are satisfied it
Goes the other way.
Toughest yarn was ever spun,
"Two can live as cheap as one."

"Two can live as cheap as one."
No one ever saw it done.
No one in his sober senses
Has the slightest doubt
If he figures on expenses
How that's coming out.
When uphill the waters run
"Two can live as cheap as one."

"Two can live as cheap as one."
Fifteen hundred makes a ton.
Woman never's money spending,
Does not care for dress:
So if marriage you're intending
Living might cost less.
No, don't swallow that my son,
Two can't live as cheap as one.

—Chicago News.

MUST HAVE TRIED IT.

Next to working in a sawmill, the most dangerous business is acting as a judge at a baby show.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

WHAT HURTS.

TOWNE.—So Dumley married a college woman. My! it must be fierce for him to be tied to a woman who knows so much that he doesn't know.

BROWNE.—Oh! that doesn't hurt him so much as the fact that she knows "how" much he doesn't know.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

HIS SUCCESSES.

SHE.—I understand that drinking is one of your failings.

HE.—You have been misinformed. It is one of my most pronounced successes.—*Chicago Journal.*

RETROSPECTIVE.

SYCOPHANT.—It's a great thing to have the pen of a ready writer. You find it so, do you not?

FINANCIAL MAGNATE.—Yes, unless the things you write fall into the hands of somebody who has the voice of a ready reader.—*Chicago Tribune.*

SOMEHOW our blood fails to tingle at the news that a game has been arranged between the Cubs and the Indianapolis nine on April 9.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

HOWELL.—Rowell thinks he is the whole thing.

POWELL.—Yes, if he leans against a post for a few minutes he has the idea that the post couldn't stand without him.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

SMILE with the NEW FROWN with the OLD

Litholin
Waterproofed
Collars and
Cuffs bring
comfort, style
and economy.



Ordinary Collars and Cuffs soil, wear and tear. To the first cost add 5c. daily.

Cover one half of the above face and then the other, and you see illustrated, the real comfort of LITHOLIN Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs as compared with others. LITHOLIN is linen and looks like it—never wrinkles, cracks nor frays, and is wiped white as new with a damp cloth. Newest shapes and sizes.

COLLARS 25c. CUFFS 50c.

Always sold in RED boxes—avoid substitution. If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid.

Booklet of styles free on request.

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**NESTOR
CIGARETTES**

"NESTOR" "IMPORTED" "ROYAL NESTOR"
Green Label 25 cts. Blue Label 15 cts.

The Original Brand of Over 30 Years' Reputation.

**THE Keeley
Cure**

for Liquor and
Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 29 years.

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Finest From Erin's Isle

It Has the True Flavor
If you get Comber Irish Whiskey you get a "treat," even if you pay for it. Sold Everywhere.

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA IMPORTATION CO.
New York Chicago

EXTREMELY UNFASHIONABLE.

"Who are those people in that private box?"

"I don't know; mere nobodies, I guess. They are devoting their whole attention to the play."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A LITTLE boy wanted to give his mother a birthday present, and he did not know what to give her, so at last he decided to give her a Bible. After he had bought it he did not know what to put on the front page, so, after looking through some of the books in the library, he decided to put the following on: "To dear mother, with the author's compliments."—*Exchange.*

WHITHER WE ARE DRIFTING.

LOUISE.—What were the favors at Mrs. Howard's dinner?

JULIA.—Motor cars.

LOUISE.—What horse power?

JULIA.—Only thirty.

LOUISE.—Isn't she the stingy old gargoyle?—*Bohemian Magazine.*

SCORED ON HIM.

MR. TYTE-PHIST.—Talk about women having any capacity for dealing with financial questions! Have you any idea, for instance, how much money is in circulation in this country?

MRS. TYTE-PHIST.—I presume it's all in circulation—except what you happen to get hold of.—*Chicago Tribune.*

EVANS' ALE

There is no other Ale like Evans'. It is an honestly brewed ale, carefully bottled by its makers.

It is a satisfying, bone and sinew making beverage.

Its Rich, Mellow Flavor, Sparkling Brilliance and Creamy Froth is distinctive and delightful.

It affords the means of obtaining the best ale in the world at moderate cost.

In "Splits" as well as regular size bottles.
C. H. EVANS & SONS, HUDSON, N. Y.



HINTS FROM THE PARIS ZOO.

THE SMALL HAT IS THE VOGUE IN HIPPO CIRCLES.

There is no more popular and healthful breakfast diet than grape fruit after a dash of Abbott's Bitters has been added.

THE SUNDAY COMIC.

We congratulate the Boston *Herald* upon the abandonment of that inflamed, colored nightmare termed its comic supplement. In all the amazing output from the printing presses of this broad land there is nothing quite so solemnly pathetic, idiotically stupid, or maddeningly inartistic, as the pages of feeble, discolored, lawdry, vulgar, slap-stick drivel which, under the name of comic supplement, carries anguish and depression into the American household. The comic supplement belongs properly to the Burglars' Literary Union, which runs the Hearst Hobocracy; its humor is pathological and its effects diabolical. May it rest in pieces.—*Boston Traveler.*

HOPEFUL.

BARBER.—Your hair seems to be coming out.

ELDERLY CUSTOMER.—Good! I've been under the impression all the time that it was going back.—*Chicago Tribune.*



A Club Cocktail Is A Bottled Delight

A mixed-by-guesswork cocktail can never be as good as you expect. A CLUB COCKTAIL is always a good cocktail because it is measure mixed, an exquisite blend of rare old liquors, aged in wood.

CLUB COCKTAILS are the only perfect cocktails.

Martini (gin base), Manhattan (whiskey base), are universal favorites.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Sole Props.

Hartford New York London



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Sold by good druggists and grocers.

THIS is the season of the year when the woman who passed through an Indian reservation on the train last summer, gets up a Literary Club in order that she may read a paper on "The Indian, His Past, Present and Future; What the Red Man Stands For as a Factor in Civilization."—*Exchange*.

\$75.00 a Month

guaranteed, for securing only four orders a day for Van Norden Magazine. Anyone of ordinary intelligence and perseverance can easily earn that much and more.

We want a bright, wide-awake young man or woman to represent us in every community where we are not now actively represented. Securing new and renewal subscriptions for a high grade publication like Van Norden Magazine is one of the most profitable sources of income imaginable.

Some energetic workers earn the above amount in their spare time—full time workers earn much more. We furnish equipment and show you how to start.

People are beginning to select their magazines now for the coming year, so now is the time for you to begin.

Apply at once, using the attached coupon.

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND MAIL TO-DAY. PUCK

Please use pencil in filling out coupon.

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Gentlemen: Please send me instructions and equipment for taking Van Norden Magazine subscriptions. If I don't like your proposition I will return the coupon promptly and I understand I will be under no further obligations to you.

HIS USE FOR IT.

"Yeh," said Tommy, "pa gave me a watch to carry when I started in at school this fall."

"My!" exclaimed Aunt Jane, "that's nice, isn't it?"

"Yes'm," cause as soon as I git in school in the mornin' I kin look at it an' see how many minutes I'm late. — *The Catholic Standard and Times*.

SHE SPOKE TOO QUICK.

MR. CRIMSON-BEAK.—I see by this paper that women are barred from the Island of Ferdinand de Norouha, belonging to Brazil.

MRS. CRIMSON-BEAK.—That's like the selfish men! Don't want the women to have any privileges!

"I forgot to say, dear, that the island in question is only used for convicts!" — *Yonkers Statesman*.

SHE KNEW THEM.

MISS DUBLEY.—She was braggin' about how successful her dinner party was. She said it wound up "with great eclaw." What's "eclaw" anyway?

MISS MUGLEY.—Why, I guess that was the dessert. Didn't you never eat a chocolate eclaw? — *The Catholic Standard and Times*.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS PAPER WAREHOUSE,

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BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 30 Hookman Street, NEW YORK
All kinds of Paper made to order.

FOREIGN PREJUDICE.

FIRST FOREIGNER.—Why do they call this the "garden city?"

SECOND FOREIGNER.—Why? Look at the rich, black dirt in the streets! — *Chicago Tribune*.

THE piano seems to be a great nuisance abroad as well as at home. The following advertisement recently appeared in a London paper. "Adolphus, return to your Matilda. The piano has been sold." What a history that little advertisement may hide! — *Ex*.



Established 1810.

OLD OVERHOLT RYE

A mellow, mature whiskey, scientifically distilled, carefully aged in charred oak barrels, and bottled in bond under Government supervision. The Government green stamp over the cork of each bottle is a guarantee of age, proof and quantity.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
PITTSBURG, PA.

COMPLETING THE COMPLIMENT.

"I'm glad the election is over," said the earnest citizen. "People's minds will be easier now."

"Yes," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "Families who name their children after candidates can now decide on the baby's middle initial." — *Washington Star*.

PICKED HIS STUDIES.

"I understand your son is a hard student."

"Hard! Why, his muscles are like iron." — *Boston Transcript*.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

"How was it when the chief called you in to lecture you that he grew suddenly so bland and kind?"

"I slipped my hat onto his seat, and he sat down plump upon it." — *Meggendorfer Blatter*.

ALL DETAILS ARRANGED.

"Dear," whispered the eloping lover, "what shall we do with the rope-ladder? We shouldn't leave it hanging there."

"Oh! that's all right," replied the coy damsel. "Pa said he'd pull it up again so we couldn't get back." — *The Catholic Standard and Times*.

Deeds of Fashion

Oh, woman! hast thou hours of ease?
When are those hours? tell me, please.
For women who are up-to-date
Find fashions changing while they wait.

Like Simon, with his cry, "Thumbs down,
Thumbs up!" — like him of great renown,
Dame Fashion trills, "Hips in! Hips out!"
Ere lovely woman turns about.

She finds herself transformed again,
From alkibiadesque to denit-train;
Mildly's waist, to which with pride
She points, is like a moving alide.

Usme Fashion says, "slide out, slide in,
Slide upward, underneath the chin,
Slide down again, above the knee!" —
Who knows where next that waist will be?

Low necks are worn, and then appears
High band that saw milady's ears;
Low bust, then high; short waist, then long; —
All to the tune of Fashion's song.

To-day well-rounded curves we see;
To-morrow steel-clad misery —
Poor tortured flesh, pulled up, pulled down!
No titted king with royal crown

E'er ruled with such despotic sway
As Madame Fashion rules to-day.
A key-board pushed in Paris, France,
Makes all the Yankee ladies dance.
— *For once Golf Schmitz.*



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A PASTORAL STUDY.
By George W. Blake.

Photogravure in Sepia, 15 x 12 in.
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SO YOU'RE GOING HOME TO-MORROW.
By E. Frederick.

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THE GILLETTE IS PRACTICAL FOR YOU

ANY MAN will admit that it is a good thing in emergencies to be able to shave himself — and to have the tools handy with which to do it.

If he buys a GILLETTE just for emergencies he will find himself using it every day, because it is so simple—no stopping, no honing—it is easy and it is safe.

We advertise that a man can have a clean, satisfying shave with the GILLETTE in five minutes. We will warrant that the average GILLETTE user does not take over two minutes—and furthermore, that he has a better shave than the barber can give him, better than he can give himself with the old-style razor, in half an hour.

Nearly every GILLETTE owner becomes so attached to his razor that he makes a pet of it—thinks more of it than almost any other of his personal belongings:—it's just that kind of a little device. A beautiful piece of mechanism. A fine tool in every sense. No trouble to keep in condition and dependable at all times.

THERE ARE ten fundamental mechanical reasons for the GILLETTE doing the work it does. They apply to no other razor in the world. That's why you can form no notion of the action of the GILLETTE by using any other razor.

The GILLETTE idea is basic all the way through.

The GILLETTE is kind to the face. It does its work with any beard and any skin. It is the only razor that can be adjusted for a light or a close shave.

New Process GILLETTE blades are paper-thin, flexible, with a hard mirror-like finish and a marvelous keenness and durability.

These blades are packed in handsome nickel-plated boxes, hermetically sealed, sanitary, damp-proof, anti-rust and antiseptic.

Price per set of 12 new blades (24 cutting edges) \$1.00.
Standard GILLETTE razor with 12 blades and triple-silver plated handle, in velvet lined full leather case, \$5.00.
Combination Sets, \$6.50 to \$50.00.

The GILLETTE is sold almost everywhere. If your dealer can't supply you, write to us.

Send for illustrated book to-day.

GILLETTE SALES CO.

New York
Times Building

262 Kimball Building, BOSTON

Chicago
Stock Exchange Building

GILLETTE FACTORIES: BOSTON, LONDON, BERLIN, PARIS, MONTREAL

